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Lost Generation

Bugles blowing golden shrill  
On the misted morning hill;  
How our errant pulses thrill,  
In the dawn!

Hark, the mutter of the drums!  
Some old satyr grins and thrums,  
On his lusty lute, and hums:  
(Wicked faun!)

Quick! Haste! What's it all worth?  
Drop the plow in the fallow earth;  
Leave small cares and picayune mirth;  
You'll be a knight or a prince from  
    birth-----  
Never a pawn!

Following that music gay  
Leaves that vanish in a day,  
Wind-swept from the dusty way,  
We are gone!

O.F.

The setting in all detail, not the sun,  
Endows the world with beauty's roundelay  
Or lends its happy, luring touch to one  
Who in the brighter light would fade  
away.

What glory rides upon a single beam  
As haltingly it paves a dungeon floor?  
How infinite the beauty of its gleam  
Since it alone defies the prison door?  
Or should perchance a roaming, starlit  
ray

Forego his racing with the shadowed  
leaves

To peer into her eyes and lingering,  
play,

How lasting is the glimpse that love  
receives

Not blinded by light's dazzling nakedness  
But wrapped in earth's enchanting  
dreaminess.

--H. W. J.--

Like a dry-lipped drunkard  
Who has quaffed the cup before  
And known the twinge of sorrow  
That follows with the morrow  
And still lifts the brimming cup  
To drink.

We who have been mad before,  
Who know intoxication  
Of the moon full well, we dared  
The sable night, the crystal sky  
The shimmering stars above  
And while we laughed were lost,  
To Love.

---G.L.I.---

## PARAGRAPH

These hills are my church---with steeples of high pine trees. My church needs no tolling bells to call me, for I go unsummoned. My church shall have an organ of the rolling thunder and the tinkling of the raindrops on the leaves. I shall be baptised with the holy water of God as it falls from Heaven and with His light as it breaks forth after the storm. I shall eat for my communion of the fruits of His trees and drink in memory of Him the pure water of the spring. What better could represent to me the living and dying of the Son than the pure wild creations of the Father?

Yes, these hills are my church and these birds my choir-boys. Dressed in somber robes, trimmed with scarlet and orange, they sing ceaselessly their praise of the Creator and the Son. There is no minister in my church, but many and powerful are the sermons I hear and the lessons I learn of the joy of living and serving others.

E.F.L.

PARAGRAPH

Three straining horses, necks outstretched, reached for the jump with eager forefeet. Reached in an arc of animal beauty. Reached and cleared it, all save one who touched the rail with his slender knees and crashed on his shoulder, rump upflung. The rider, man in scarlet, with grey-white face, lay on his belly while the field flashed past. Then rose, caught up his limping horse, and soothing him, drew him off the course. Deep in the silence of the crowd I heard a child's voice, "Look, mama, he's crying." That was all.

F.C.P.

PHANTOM SHIP

Etched against an ink black sky,  
Like a skeleton in the dark,  
Leaning into a silent wind  
And leaving never a mark.

Deep in the tomb-like silence,  
Oppressively shrouding the sea,  
Remorseless reefs await the ship  
As tigers await their prey.

How did the ship sail so far  
Under gloom of an unlit moon?  
Torn down from masts to shattered spar,  
Hovering Death will seize it soon.

Sea-wood on the unpaced deck  
Twists into dull green, knotted strands;  
Ebbing tides of tomorrow will  
Inbed the shade ship in the sands.

Nothing can last forever,  
Even the sea and the land  
Rend each other asunder.

G.I.K.



ALL ALONE

Scene 1. The Landscape Laboratory on a sunny morning early in April.

(As the curtain rises, we see Gyp (short for Gypsy) hard at work at her drawing board. She is a short, slender, dark, fiery, little girl about twenty years old. She whistles half under her breath as she draws industriously. Enter Flip, tall, blond and exceedingly good looking.)

FLIP: It's the girl-friend, sure enough.  
How's Gyp?

GYP: How's yourself, mon ange? When did you get back?

FLIP: Late last night. I thought you must be dead. Why didn't you answer any of my letters? I wrote about twice a day.

GYP: Twice a day, my green hat! I got two from you all week. I meant to write, but you know how it is.

FLIP: That's all right for some, but you're wearing my fraternity pin and I thought you were engaged to me.

GYP: Just because I'm engaged to you is no reason for me to spend all my time writing to you.

(Enter Jack, also tall but dark and equally as good looking as Flip.)

JACK: Stop fighting, you two! We all know you love each other violently but you don't have to be so violent about it in public.

GYP: What! You too, Jack? Now the party's complete. Let's labor. We'll discuss vacations after I get this plan done.

(There is silence for a few moments, broken only by muttered comments from the hard working students. The beautiful stranger comes in. She is exceedingly beautiful. Her hair is like spun gold and her skin clear as ivory. The flush on her cheeks must be natural, no rouge could be so lovely a rose. Her clothes are obviously Paris-made, every line is perfection.)

THE STRANGER: I beg your pardon, but is this the Landscape Laboratory?

(Flip and Jack jump up. Gyp starts to speak but Flip forestalls her.)

FLIP: Yes, it is. Is there anything I can do for you?

THE STRANGER: Yes, I'm Margaret Lamar. Will you show me where my board is, so that I may begin my work?

GYP: (to Jack) The transfer from Ward-Belmont!

FLIP: Certainly! I'd be glad to!

(He dashes gallantly to the stranger's side and escorts her into the next room, chattering about drawing-boards, T-squares, pencils, etc.)

GYP: Flip....oh! Jack, he's gone.....

CURTAIN

Scene II: The Landscape Laboratory the  
Monday after Prom.

(Gyp swings around on her stool to face Flip who is working directly behind her.)

GYP: Well. Flip?

FLIP: Good Lord! Gyp, what can I say?

GYP: No, I guess you can't say very much.  
You thought it would be perfectly safe to  
take Peg Lamar to Prom. You thought no  
one would take me since you were taking  
me to your house dance. You didn't count  
on Jack, did you, Flip dear?

FLIP: No.....I.....yes.....ch, you're all  
wrong, Gyp!

GYP: No, I think I've got it about right,  
so I've brought you a little present this  
morning.

(Gyp's voice is trembling. She had a long  
speech planned but tears choke her voice so  
she bends her head and takes Flip's fratern-  
nity pin off her dress and holds it out to  
him.)

FLIP: (jumping up and striding over to her) Gyp, look at me!

(Gyp shakes her head. Flip takes her in his arms and tilts up her head until he can look into her tear-brimmed eyes.)

FLIP: Gyp, you know I didn't mean.....

(Gyp runs out of the room, leaving Flip undecided whether to feel sorry because he has lost Gyp, or happy that he can now offer his pin to Peg.)

#### CURTAIN

Scene III: The Landscape Laboratory a few days later.

(Peg is working and Flip is talking vehemently to her.)

FLIP: Did you really mean what you said last night, Peg? Are you really engaged to someone else?

PEG: (getting up and angrily putting her things away) I told you, Flip, that I was engaged and I meant it. Since you cannot leave me alone to work, I'll come back when you're not here.

(Peg goes out, leaving Flip very disconsolate, but his depression does not last very long. He soon turns to his work, whistling. Gyp comes in.)

FLIP: Gyp! How are you? Where have

you been? You haven't been around this place for a week.

GYP: Oh, I'm sitting on top of the world. I've just spent a couple days at Jack's house. Hasn't he a darling mother? And don't you think his pin looks well on me?

(Gyp goes into the next room, leaving Flip alone-----all, all alone.)

CURTAIN

EH

\*

\* \*

I sway in your arms to sweet music, has a  
rhythm deep surging yet slow,  
And my mind is halted from wandering by a  
power that won't let me go.  
Your eyes have magnetic vigour to hold me  
in a boundless spell,  
This blue-eyed damsel's spirit, whose  
voice you know, oh! so well.

The green of the sea is the green of your  
eyes,  
The breadth of the sea is the soul therein  
lies.  
The swell of the tide is a symbol to me  
Of all that you are and forever will be.

E.M.H.

The future is a tunnel dark,  
Bouldered cavern halls;  
Days are varied shadows,  
Along its scerried walls.

A tiny phantom light,  
A portal far away,  
Marks the end of night,  
Door to brilliant day.

Chained in the track of time,  
We warily lockstep on;  
Fear to plunge in dark abyss  
Where those ahead have gone.

The distant leader's torch,  
Too far to help our sight,  
Makes us trust the guidance  
Of those nearer to the light.

H.A.

The spirit exults, as joyously along  
the path I tread,  
Though the storming winds rage maddened  
about my willful head,  
They strike not fear within my heart.  
My mood is a joyous thing apart  
From fear and dread of earthly form.  
The car's tuned right, and the hoarse  
Weird sound of the storm winds blow  
Is the rough, swift laughter of the  
joy I know.

E.M.H.



Ah, yes! The lady, Poverty, was fair,  
Though ragged as the dusty Autumn wind,  
What though her slender feet were brown  
and bare,  
And all her unkempt elf-locks never pinned.

Yet she was wild and wayward as a bird,  
With lips like one last scarlet flare  
of fall;  
And once I started at her lightest word,  
And followed strange quests for her  
careless call.

But men are silly maunderers, growing  
old,  
And should a greybeard's mate be young  
and gay?  
Still, though she's turned into a  
wrinkled scold,  
She just pretends, I think, to be so  
grey;  
Across our starveling fire her tatters  
shine,  
She'll kiss again,---but other lips  
than mine.



The Desert Brat

By the leaning shadows kissed goodbye,  
By the desert's sheen through the gates  
defied,

An outcast brat flings back a sigh  
At the purple of the city's eastern  
narbles.

Down on the dunes of whiteness, there  
defend.

The last plaintive wish, the hunger for  
a care:

Yet lingers not to hear the echo of his  
wail.

Though here and there erasing sand enfolds  
His footsteps, yet outward leads his trail  
A dotted line of patterned molds.

The night rolls up from the sea rimmed  
east

And draws the shades as they expand  
Unto himself (Thou greedy priest,  
Master of a darkened land).

Pauses here upon this arid earth  
To deck the wild festoons of mirth  
With dark blue draperies, shadowed by the  
stars aloft,

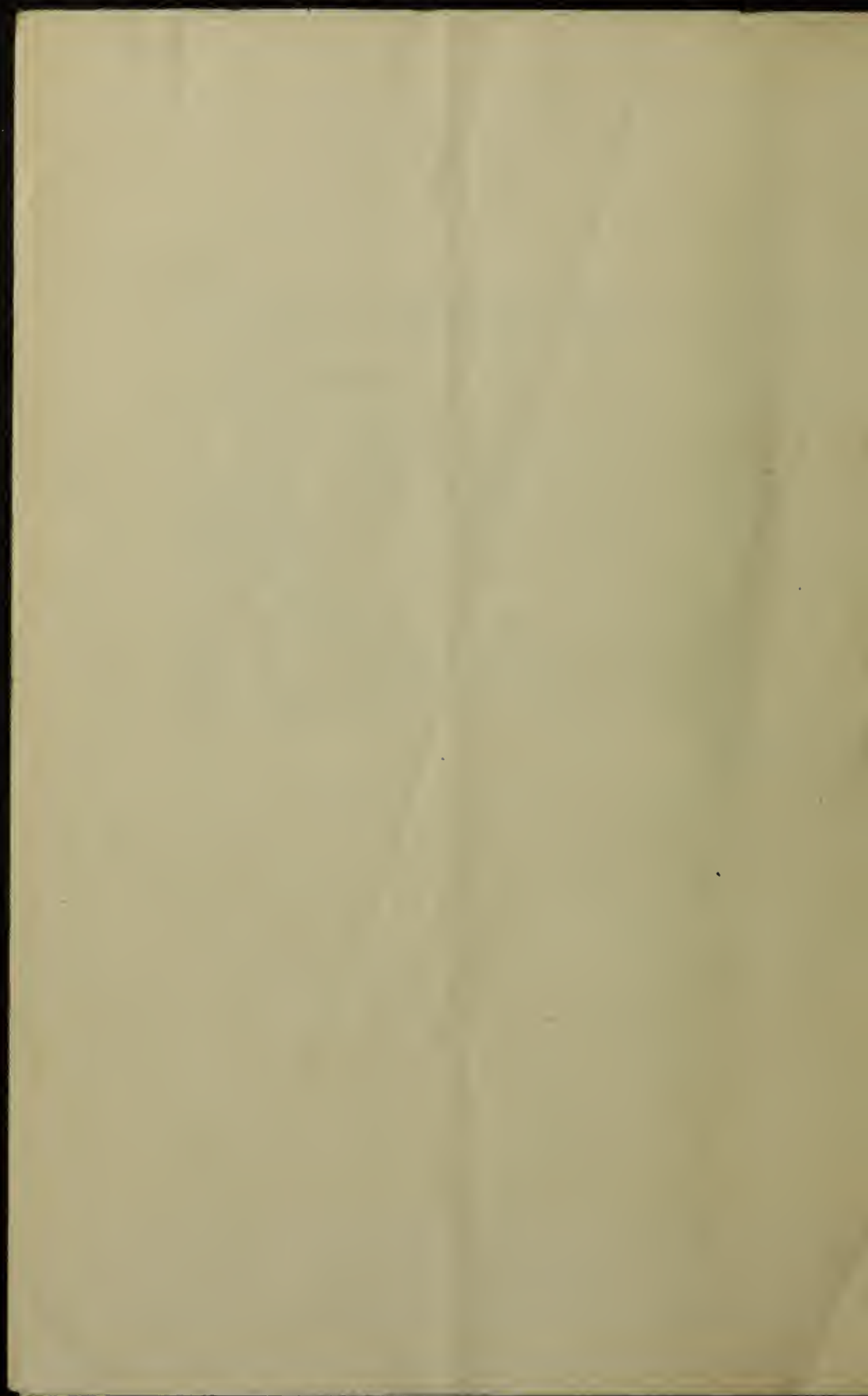
To freeze the anguish of a desert brat,  
too soft

For natures swindle, too low for human  
worth.

His mother's passion-heated art and show,  
His drunken father's scowl, a carnal  
slob,  
Seemed at every slipping step to haunt  
his woe  
Until the chill of deepn'ing night  
taunted him to sob,-----  
A sigh, wasted on the city's luted ear,  
Lost upon the desert's solitary meer,  
Muffled by the desolate sea.  
And now-----, not even the stars  
remember,  
Nor the Sphinx disclose his grave;  
The brat who was born for pleasure,  
The Brat to whom the desert gave  
Its mysterious, melancholy measure.

H.W.J.





W.A.C. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE  
COLLECTION

# THE YNKHORNE



MASSACHUSETTS ♦ AGRICULTURAL  
COLLEGE ♦ MCMXXVI

*June 1926*

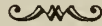


# YNKHORNE

REPRESENTING THE LITERARY  
INTEREST OF A FEW  
STUDENTS

AT

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE



*“Bid him bring his pen and ynkborne to the gaol. We are  
now to examination these men.”*

— MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING: *Act III, Sc. 5*



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*June 1926*

*The Press of* THE POND-EKBERG COMPANY  
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## *The Poniard*

SEE! here it is, a bit of ancient art;  
I took it from a little gypsy lad  
Who cast it at me — so; I caught the youth,  
Who shrilled and cursed at me, but told me naught  
Of this I plucked, still quiv'ring, from the wall.  
'Twas made by hand, and must have taken months  
To fashion such a beauteous thing as this:  
These carven symbols must mean something more  
Than mere design; the triangle and asp  
Together with that flaming fire must bear  
Some hidden secret of an ancient lore.  
See, how the serpent's ruby eye now gleams  
And seems to leer and laugh with scorn at me!  
Those figures on't, they race my wearied mind,  
I want to know the meaning of them all,  
But none can tell; I merely know the hilt  
Fits in my hand so snug and cozily  
It seems a lost child wandered home again,  
And that the coldness of that strange old blade,  
Still strong and keen though centuries have passed,  
Awakes deep hidden passions known in days  
When I was young and wore a woman's plume  
In every fight, when I knew not the chill  
Of endless caution, and obeyed the law  
Of proud and careless youth. No artisan  
Of meager lot has made that blade of mine;  
It took a master craftsman of the art  
Whose skillful fingers slowly carved the hilt,  
Caressing as they cut, while days passed by  
Before the shining blade was tried by fire,  
And proven true. Ah, but he must have been  
A man who knew the pleasant chill of steel!

— F. S.


## *Afternoon Dance in a Colonial Mansion*

**F**ELL in love again today,  
In that old house of glass and lace;  
She looked so much a part of all  
The old and fragrant homey place;  
With frock of blue and eyes of blue,  
And radiantly girlish face.

We danced through rooms with oaken doors,  
And lolled in antique parlor chairs.  
(Quite old and plushy-red they were)  
And we two, there, without the cares  
Of fevered worlds and rush and strife,  
Saw ancient lamps and winding stairs,  
And with some sense of perfume sweet,  
Felt Age and Youth in concord meet.

— E. A. C.

## *On the Titles of Pictures*

HILE rambling one warm, spring afternoon, about a fortnight ago, I found myself in the neighborhood of Oxford Street, and having nothing to do till dinner time, crossed over to the studio of my friend Llewellyn. It is a quaint, lovable corner, tucked away in this older part of London, overlooking a paved court, with its bit of green turf shaded by the soft, rustling branches of an ancient plane tree. The studio is reached by an outside staircase, ending in a balcony, from which one looks down through the waving foliage of the tree. It is a cool and airy haunt to which I often come in the sultry days of summer; sitting sometimes on the flagstones coping around the pool and sometimes on the bench under the arbor — smoking and talking with Llewellyn as the heat of the afternoon wanes and is forgotten in the first freshening breeze of evening. And how often, too, have we sat in this same spot watching the shaft of bubbling water mount from the dark recess of the pool, sparkling as it catches the moonlight of a summer night. Then it is that the plane tree murmurs in the night wind, sighing as it sways with every breeze, only to die again — leaving the sound of splashing water and the muffled roar of the city beyond the garden wall. It is from this delightful court that we were wont to climb the stairs to the balcony as the evening grew late, and pausing a while to look down on the quiet scene below, enter the high-ceilinged room — there to touch glasses before parting company for the night.

It was up these same stairs, with their sturdy wrought iron guard rail, that I trudged this afternoon in quest of Llewellyn who usually at this time is at work on a picture. I found him absorbed in this delightful occupation, but his cheery greeting showed that I had not come at an inopportune time. While I sat on an old leathern chest beside the open door, he continued with his brushes — engaging in a bit of conversation now and

then. I like to watch an artist at work. He seems so contented and unaware of the passing hours.

Finally, with a sigh, he drew back from the easel and studied the picture with a quizzical expression. Then he turned, and chuckling to himself, put down his palette and with fastidious care cleaned his brushes. I recalled those afternoons in the past when he had thus turned from his work — no longer able to judge his colors in the evening light — and talked on books, pictures, and all the good things of this world, while tea water heated over the wavering flame of an alcohol burner.

So it was that this afternoon our talk happened to follow those things which he loves so well — pictures. I told him how I liked especially the names of pictures, and how I was apt to repeat the name over slowly again and again as I stood before the canvas. I said that he had been able to produce by his titles a certain atmosphere which must go with the painting if it were to be understood as he originally conceived it. His title such as "The Aftermath" brings to our senses, in words, the quiet freshness and first burst of sunlight after a summer storm. Quite another feeling is produced by another of his titles — "Before the Storm" — a resensing of that brooding, foreboding hush; the expectant calm of Nature before the rain.

In the midst of our discourse he pulled the shabby leathern trunk out into the light of the window and opening it as he would have opened a treasure chest, took out a pile of limp canvases, unmounted and frayed at the edges. These he deposited on the floor one by one, telling me where he had painted them and giving names to a few of them. They were mostly landscapes, and although unframed and so roughly dropped before me, they brought to my mind scenes from lands over which I had traveled as a youth. Here was a sunlit meadow with tall poplars reflected in a quiet stream — painted, he told me, in southern France.

"This one," he said, pointing to a small picture of pool and rocky bank bathed in the blood-red glow of the setting sun, "is called 'Evening in Spain'." I must confess, it gave me a strange, sad feeling to look at such a picture lying there on the floor of this little London studio — portraying to my inner senses the peacefulness of a summer evening in Spain. I could fairly hear

the splashing of these Andalusians pictured in the foreground, refreshing themselves after a day's work in the field. It was a moment in the painter's life — caught and held in soft, glowing colors.

Another larger canvas caught my eye. He watched me as I lifted it from the floor. He seemed eager to catch my first impression of it. It was a beautiful thing — a moonlight evening, evidently in early fall. The moon was reflected in a patch of water in the foreground. Cat-tails were growing on the wet, marshy banks; a field lay beyond, half lost in the darkness, and over all was thrown that mellow light from the moon which makes things indistinct yet discloses them to the eye.

"I call that 'Harvest Moon'," Llewellyn said presently.

It was so; the very words brought memories of just such moonlight nights. It seemed to set the timbre of the artist's impression — to suggest, ever so subtly, all that that evening had meant to him.

The light had been fading slowly as we talked and at length I rose and stood in the doorway looking down on the green court, indistinct in the dusk of the summer evening. Llewellyn gathered the canvases from the floor and dropped them back in the chest. I knew he had in those few moments traveled far afield, living over again old days — days of happy pleasure when he had trudged, knapsack on back, over field and hill of other climes.

We parted for the night and I made my way slowly down the stairs. The court with its bubbling fountain lay in mottled shadow under the brightening moon. The haunting beauty of the picture attended my homeward footsteps and lingered with me that night as I lay awake, restless at finding no title which would "recapture that first, fine, careless rapture."

— A. R. C.

*To the Arbutus*

CHILD of the youngest spring,  
Born of the rain and sleet,  
Fragrant but fragile thing,  
Delicate spirit sweet —

Why do you come to bloom  
While yet the North Winds blow?  
Why come amid the gloom  
Of April's woods and snow?

Is it that human hearts,  
Weary of winter's chill,  
Crave sight of your frail arts,  
Gracing the southern hill?

— H. J. H.

# *Business Is Rushing*

## A ONE-ACT PLAYLET

SCENE: *The Tappa Nu Keg Fraternity house, interior.*

TIME: *Evening during rushing season.*

### CHARACTERS:

"RED" MCTUFF, athlete

"RAY" MOORE, house fusser

"AL," the house president

"BENNY" SMOOTH, the house demon rusher

*Other members of the fraternity and,*

SMITH, a freshman

[*Gang gathered around fireplace panning fraternities, co-eds, professors, and each other. "RED" is asleep with his feet on the mantel (his athletic privilege). Enter "BENNY" SMOOTH, suave and smiling, with a gangling freshman. As though the national anthem had been heard, the boys rise to their feet.*]

*All.* 'Lo, Ben, old boy!

*Ben.* Hi, fellows. I want you all to meet Mr. Smith, a freshman. Mr. Smith, meet our "king," Al Jones!

*Smith.* Pleased to meetcha, Mr. Jones.

*Al.* Dee-lighted! I'm sure; won't you have a chair? No, not that one, take this easy chair!

[*Freshman takes easy chair for fraction of a second, but arises when introductions are resumed.*]

*Benny.* Smith, meet Mr. McTuff, varsity halfback. [*This is the greatest of Tappa Nu Keg's rushing sentences. All the boys grin proudly. "RED," snoring away peacefully, is oblivious of the faux pas he is committing. Then follows the half-scared, half-devil-may-care business of waking "RED."*]

*Red.* Wot t'ell! Can't you punks let a guy sleep?



Ben. Red, want you to meet a freshman; Mr. Smith, Mr. McTuff!

Smith. H-H-hello.

Red. How are ya? [*sensing that he'd ought to do his part in the rushing.*] Where d'ya come from, Smith? Oh, Chicago? Know a guy named Brown, owns a Ford? [*This is "RED's" stock joke. Business of everybody laughing and telling "RED" to "lay off."*] SMITH then meets the other brothers — sits down flanked by AL and BENNY. JOE KEYES, the house pianist, does his stuff.]

AL. [*After preliminary skirmishing.*] Well, Smith, what do you think of the fraternity situation?

Smith. Well, I like one house pretty well.

Ben. Now, of course, we don't claim to be the best fraternity in the world, but, [*this "but" is always accompanied by mysterious arching of eyebrows.*] between you and me, Smith, we've got everything here. And take us nationally. Al, how many captains did we have in our Nebraska chapter last year?

AL. [*Consulting manual.*] Le's see; football, baseball, track, m-mm-m, oh! about six!

Smith. Gee!

Ben. An' it's that way all over. The ole fraternity is the thing. [*Neglects the story of the brother from Denver who borrowed the ten at the convention.*]

[*At this time a few more freshmen are ushered in and introductions are again in order. BEN again "handles the shovel." Back to SMITH. AL has been doing the best he can but lacks BEN's "line." He and SMITH have had several periods of strained silence.*]

Ben. Well, has old Al here been telling you any bunk? Look out for him, Smith. [*This speech usually is accompanied by much throwing of arms over shoulders.*] Al, you old son-ev-er-gun! Well, Smith, what do you think of us?

Smith. Well, you see my brother —

Benny. [*With knowing wave of hand.*] Yes, I know, you'd like to consult your brother; that's just the thing we want you to do.

Smith. What I was going to say was that my brother was



a Nu Theta at Nebraska, Pat Smith, captain of football last year. Of course, being a legacy —

*[Br-rr-rr! It has become awfully cold in the room.]*

*Ben.* Mm-m-, well, of course — *[sighting another “frosch” sitting alone, in the next room.]* Glad you came in anyway, Smith. Pardon me for a while.

*Al.* *[unable to hold the fort alone.]* Got any studying to do? Well, even if you haven’t an awful lot you’d ought to be getting ahead. Get the old books down. It’s the old marks that count! *[Escorts SMITH to door.]*

*[The others are busy with their “assignments.” Confidential remarks are heard here and there, as: “Of course, we’re not the kind to sling mud, but zz-zz-z-z-!” “Sure! Didn’t you know it?”]*

*Al.* Glad I metcha, Smith — sorry you can’t stay.

*Smith.* So am I. *[Is bewildered by the suddenness with which he has been ushered out.]* Well, g’night.

*Al.* G’night! *[Closes door.]* There’s one plate of ice cream we can save anyway! *[Sees BEN. Much foolish grinning.]*

THE END

— E. A. C.

## *Leaves in Autumn*

**W**HEN ruddy Autumn gains his stride,  
And harvesters bind golden sheaves,  
When blustery winds the heavens ride,  
I like to scuffle through the leaves.

They dance and skip about my feet;  
And roister down the woodland floor.  
With pagan joy my pulses beat,  
And I am young in heart once more.

— H. J. H.

## *The Song of the Mangle*

**I**AM the Mangle,  
The Heartless,  
The Killer of Souls.  
The freshness I give to clean linen  
Is the freshness of women who stand  
Hour after hour in sweltering heat,  
Day after day in a mist of white steam,  
Year after year until beauty is gone,  
And a wrinkled old hag is all that is left.  
I am the Mangle,  
The Heartless,  
The Killer of Souls.

— F. S.

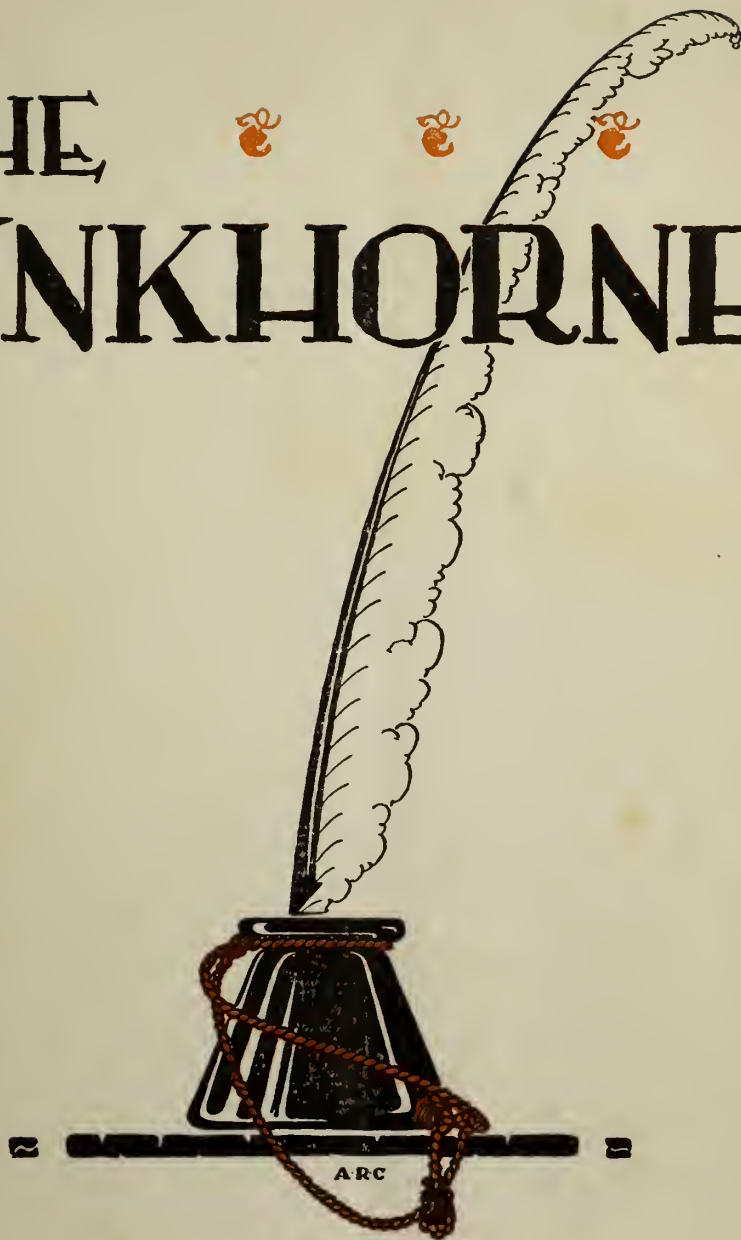
## *Pan and I*

**I**f I'd been alive  
When the Greek gods ran,  
I would have married  
The great god Pan;  
Shod his goat hoofs,  
Trimmed his shaggy beard;  
Taught him the morals  
Of the Properly Reared;  
Left his rock cave  
And bought us a house;  
With nice sober neighbors  
And a wee hearthmouse;  
Lived a sober life,  
Conventional, polite;  
Till there came a crazy  
Moonlight night.  
We'd burn up our clothes,  
Kick down the house,  
Give to the cat  
The wee hearthmouse.  
Race through the moonlight  
Pan and his wife,  
And live pagan-free,  
The rest of our life.

— M. T. B.



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MASSACHUSETTS ♦ AGRICULTURAL  
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*June 1927*

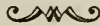


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now to examination these men."*

— MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING: *Act III, Sc. 5*




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## *The First Robin*

HILE waiting for a glimpse of Spring  
I sit alone. I sulk and lour,  
In Winter's final, dreary hour,  
Quite tired of cold, gray skies that bring  
Just snow and ice and frigid blasts  
And a melancholy mood that casts  
A dingy cloud o'er everything.

Then Spring's first herald trills in glee.  
He's glad! he's mad! he's back at home!  
His faith that flowers and leaves will come  
So fills his ruddy breast that he  
Must vent it by a bubbling tune  
Into a brightening world that soon  
As full of life and joy will be.

— W. L. D.

## *The Farmer Talks to Himself*

**H**o-HUM!" said Old Bill, as he rose from the table;  
"I got to go now and clean out the stable.  
The cows are all out; the chores are all done;  
It's already too hot to work in the sun."

He mused to himself, as he looked at the farm,  
That putting things off was doing it harm.  
"That wagon needs mending; sleigh's still in the yard —  
But I ain't got a shed — it surely is hard!  
I should get up early, but what is the use:  
A farmer just gets into debt and abuse.  
My father, before me, ain't done nothing more,  
And what can I look for but chore after chore?  
I s'pose I could move — but where would I go?  
I ain't a good mixer; the farm's all I know.  
I've heard tell of tractors, of reapers and such;  
I don't take to them things, leastways not much.  
I still use my horses like father did, too.  
I even have oxen, they work hard for you.  
I've got the same cradle he used for his grain;  
I use it — well, money ain't free like the rain.  
And what of my family, my wife and the girls?  
They ain't got silk dresses and permanent curls,  
They only act natural, they're brown as can be,  
But why they ain't happy is what I can't sec.  
I know they hate working from morning till night,  
They do housework and washing and that's only right;  
They do have to churn and some little things more,  
But sometimes they drive to the town and the store.  
I'm proud of them, too, they helped me last spring  
When sugar-time came and I hadn't a thing.  
The sap ran too early, the buckets weren't clean,  
I could have made more but the market was lean —  
What? Dinner is ready? The dickens you say,  
Why cleaning this stable will take me all day."

— R. H. P.

## Nocturne



HE cat had drunk its milk at night;  
It lapped a whisker, blinked an eye  
And sat itself before the fire.

A wind came howling down the hill;  
It shook the trees and rattl'd the blinds  
And sobbed as though its heart would break.

With bristling tail and high-arched back,  
A fury dashed about the house  
And heeded neither mouse nor man.

The wind's heart broke, the cat returned;  
It lapped a whisker, blinked an eye  
And sat itself before the fire.

— F. C. B.

## *Sittin' on the Docks*

**J**EST a rowdy little beggar  
Sittin' on the docks;  
With his grimy feet a-swingin'  
From a packin' box;  
But his tiny soul is singin',  
For his castles in the blue  
Take him where ships' bells are ringin',  
Where the snow-white sail is swingin'  
To the tackin' of the crew.

Jest a milk-white office feller  
Sittin' on the docks;  
Parked with careless ease upon the  
Cleanest packin' box;  
Dreamin' of a hidden treasure  
At the fountain of romance;  
Cravin' for a life of leisure,  
Joy at every port, and pleasure  
In the light of woman's glance.

Jest a wrinkled old sea rover  
Sittin' on the docks;  
Lookin' at the far horizon  
From a packin' box;  
Thinkin' of the years of toilin'  
Followin' the reelin' mast —  
Years of youth with red blood boilin'  
Through the foam the sea was soilin' —  
Golden years that now are past.

— H. T.

## *John's Barn*

**I**T WAS more than fifty years ago this spring that John Bailey came home from New York. Old Ira, his father, had had a stroke, and Mrs. Bailey was taking on like everything. Nothing would do but John must come home by the first train.

He came, but you could see that even one year in college had changed him, though he always had been queer enough. But now, nothing quite suited him — the house was too small and old-fashioned, his sister too dowdy, and the town was too small and everyone gossiped too much. He worked about with a face as long as Hannah Myer's old brown coat. I don't see how his mother stood him.

Well, old Ira didn't get any better; he lived for ten years, helpless as a baby. John couldn't get away even over night. He grew queerer and queerer, though he did learn to hide his hatred of the place. And he grew awfully old. He was white-haired when his father died; and he was only thirty, then.

He wanted to go back to college after that, but his mother wouldn't hear a word of it. His grandfather had built the house, and no one but a Bailey should ever live in it. He held out against her tears, but when she took to her bed, he yielded.

When the old barn burned, we found out that he had never forgotten New York. The day after the fire, he seemed rather dazed — spent a lot of time kicking the hot ashes, and watching the last gray wisps of smoke curling up into the air. But, after that day, he perked up, and began to draw plans for a new barn.

I'll never forget how Jake Billings swore about those plans! He would build no barn in any such fashion as that. Oh, Jake gave in; it was too big a job to lose, especially when he was just going to be married.

When the walls of that barn began to go up — such a storm of talk you never heard! Just look at the thing, and you'll see

why. That square yellow box, with eight diamond-paned windows, and the cupola and weather-vane. Looks like a too-small derby on a fat man, doesn't it?

Yes, you understand. John had been in New York in the midst of that awful imitation German architecture, and it had made a lasting impression. He had been saving every cent he could scrape off that farm to build a New York mansion here on the old place. He knew from the moment the flames waked him that to build a new barn would take the better part of what he had been able to rake together, so he made the best of the situation, and worked out his ideal as a barn.

Building that barn certainly changed John. He began to talk more with his mother — she looked ten years younger within a week — and he took her to church. About two years later he was elected on school-committee. Now, folks in this town just swear by John — the town's first citizen I call him.

— C. B. C.

## *A Cape Cod Window*



LAST summer, on the Cape, I saw  
A window that I loved:

An old grey casement open to the sun . . .  
Without, framed by shutters — faded green;  
Within, by silken draperies . . . breeze-loved,  
And blue just like a corn-flower;  
Beyond, blue skies . . . soft green of wood and field;  
And on the weather-beaten sill . . . an ancient jug of grey,  
Its wide mouth filled with corn-flowers — Emperor blue.

— F. E. P.


## *Fancy*

*F* SWING in the tree tops  
And ride on blown leaves,  
I play in the star dust  
And sing in the eaves.  
I fly through the heavens,  
And when it is night  
I sit on a moonbeam,  
Bathing in light.

— F. C. T.



## *Clouds*

HEN I am tired I like to lie,  
Upon my back upon a hill  
And watch the clouds go passing by  
When I am lying still.

On quiet days, a flock of sheep,  
With snowy fleeces cross the sky,  
They nibble here and nibble there,  
Then bluer fields they spy.

On windy days, a fleet of ships  
With sails unloosed before the breeze,  
Like galleons from ancient days,  
Rides forth on sky blue seas.

I man the ships and sail the seas;  
Or cross sky hills, where I have lain  
Tending my flocks with Corydon;  
Then, rested, home again!

— F. C. B.

## *The Dancer of Pierre's*

**I** SEE her yet, that dancer of Pierre's  
Who, not so long ago, was but a gamin  
Of the street who played upon the blocks  
Of granite pavement, laughing and carefree  
As any child sprung from the old North End.  
No hint of beauty in that meager form  
Which seemed all eyes and gangling awkward limbs;  
Yet there she is: the toast of all the men  
Who flock to fill Pierre's exclusive club  
Where she holds sway. Her lissome slender form  
Has now the riper curves of womanhood  
Which comes so swift and fast, transforming all  
Those scrawny legs into pure bits of grace;  
Her eyes which seemed to burn with growing fire  
Within her once pale face, now shine and glow  
Like bits of jet to match her deep black hair.  
The hall is silent as the spotlight lines  
Her figure on the wall, until the end  
When she comes forward smiling happily.  
One night I saw her eyes smolder with hate,  
She did not smile or dance again that night;  
I wonder and I wonder still, but now  
She always smiles and dances eagerly.  
She has a soul of fire and must taste  
The bitterness of ashes. Still I see —  
A gamin dancing, carelessly and light  
As summer wind, along a dingy street.

— F. C. S.

## *Wind Song*



WARM south wind of the south,  
Cooling across my face,  
Where is she of the gray-blue eyes,  
Swallow-like in her grace?

Her voice was singing soft, rain,  
Full of a nameless pain;  
Pain of a lonely mateless bird,  
Soft singing through the rain.

Spring has flooded the hills, wind,  
Sweet'ning the air like wine.  
Spring is in the heart of the earth;  
But has not come to mine!

— H. J. H.

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## *People Walking By*

**I** CAN see them in my dreams,  
People walking by,  
Up and down the long, dull streets,  
Paved with destiny  
Whence so many? For what end?  
Vain to wonder why;  
People walking up the streets,  
People walking by.

I can see them in my dreams,  
People walking by,  
A sad face here, a bright face there,  
Laughter and a sigh;  
I look at them, they look at me,  
Still there's no reply;  
People walking down the streets,  
People walking by.

— F. E. P.